

Next we get our breakfast,
Of porridge or something such,
The food we get in this place,
Is surely not up to much.

Then up to our rooms we go
To put our beds so trim,
Then Dr. Robinson pays a call;
We are rather fond of him.

Then sew till dinner-time, which is tough,
The meat was meant, I think,
For little puppy-dogs, and small cats
Or else throw down the sink.

Ting a lingling the bell doth ring
Some visitor I see
Though it's no use to strain my eyes
It's no one to see me.

At four o'clock the door they unlock
And we go to our rooms again.
To fold the counterpanes and the shams
And the carpets to treat the same.

The tea-bell rings, so down we go
In mingled hope and fear,
That pie is up for tea to night
But no such luck in here.

At eight o'clock we got to bed,
Our little day is o'er,
And as I now feel very tired
I'll not say any more.

Miss Dickens, 999 Queen Street West, Toronto

CKXVii. Archives of Ontario, Ministry of Health Records, Queen Street Mental Health Centre, Case Files, RG 10-20-B-2. These were accessed under the Freedom of Information Act. Names and institutional identifiers of patients (such as file or case numbers) have not been reproduced. I have supplied patients with pseudonyms, in order to avoid referring to them as "cases."

CKXViii. See Morton Schatzman's "Paranoia or Persecution: The Case of Schreber," *Labelling Madness*, ed. Thomas J. Scheff (Englewood Cliffs: Prentice-Hall, 1975), 90-119. Miss Adams's dilemma calls to mind Morton Schatzman's point that "many people whom psychiatrists call 'paranoid' have been persecuted, and know it, but they do not recognize their real persecutors, nor how they have been persecuted" (113). Miss Adams was by no means alone in suspecting that her affairs were being meddled in, and that she was not being told the truth about such interventions. Many of the patients whose writings are discussed in this chapter obviously had reason to suspect that their writings were being intercepted and confiscated, or at least read by others besides their intended recipients. Such suspicions, the near impossibility of getting them reliably confirmed or denied, and the myriad uncertainties regarding the outside world which they would have aggravated, must have hurt many patients' mental health.